

RESTORATION



VOL. VII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JANUARY, 1954

No. 2.

God Comes To Stay At Madonna House

Inside the Blue Door of Madonna House there is a sign which reminds us that each visitor should be received as though he were Christ. Now Christ Himself has come to us! And He has come, not as a visitor to this home of His Mother, but as a permanent member of the "family"!

He came on the day of His mother's great feast, The Immaculate Conception. He came in a Solemn High Mass in our new chapel immediately after it had been blessed and officially dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, by our pastor, Rev. Fr. A. P. Dwyer.

We Still Sing

At noon on Dec. 8th, He was tenderly placed in the tabernacle on our plain rustic altar by the officiating priest, Rev. John T. Callahan. The Madonna House choir was singing at the time.

"Ubi caritas et amor Deus ibi est"—Where charity and love is, there is God!

The dawn came with such a sunrise that everybody in Madonna House was awed. The fire of the Holy Ghost enflamed the eastern sky. And the bright blue Madawaska turned as red as the wine that had been water at the marriage feast in Cana. Staff Workers, applicants, volunteers, and visiting priests and lay people greeted one another with happy voices.

"A happy Marian year," one would say.

"And a happy new year to you," another would reply.

Mary's year had begun; and Mary's Son was coming to make His home with us! How could we keep the happiness of our hearts out of our voices, out of our shining eyes, out of our every look and gesture?

Many Priests Here

Father Eugene Cullinane, a Basilian priest attached to Assumption College, Windsor, Ont., said the early Mass at which we all received Communion. Fr. James O'Loughlen, a Salesian from Portchester, N.Y., said Mass in the parish church of the Sacred Heart.

A third priest, a young Chinese, said the second Mass in the chapel.

By 11 o'clock, when Father Dwyer arrived — delegated by Bishop W. J. Smith to bestow the blessing of God upon the chapel, and to dedicate it to the maiden who ravished Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — a hundred or more people had gathered in the new refectory, friends and neighbors, Canadians and Americans and other nationals.

A solemn procession was formed, led by the cross-bearer, two acolytes carrying lighted candles, and Father Dwyer. It filed up the stairs, slowly, solemnly, yet with excited joy.

Visit And Abide

"O Lord God, Whom the heavens and earth cannot contain, but Who condescended to have a dwelling on earth where Thy name can be continually invoked," Fr. Dwyer prayed, kneeling at the altar, "come, through the merits and intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and of all the saints, and visit this edifice with Thy kindly countenance, and purge it of all evil by the infusion of Thy grace..."

People were still coming up the stairs when the Litany of the Saints began.

Father Dwyer interrupted the litany at a certain point to raise his hand in blessing, and to pray — "That Thou (Almighty God) wouldst purify and bless this chapel and this altar to Thy honor and the name of Mary Immaculate, we beseech Thee, hear us!"

He sprinkled the walls of the chapel, above and below, with holy water. He concluded the ceremony with this prayer:

"O God, Who dost sanctify the places dedicated to Thy name; pour forth Thy grace upon this house of prayer, so that all who here invoke Thee may experience Thine assistance!"

Place Is Holy

Father Callahan was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass that followed. The Chinese priest was deacon. And Father O'Loughlen was sub-deacon. Fr. Cullinane and Fr. Michael Hass, pastor of St. Francis De Sales church, in the adjacent parish, sat on a bench on the gospel side of the altar, and knelt on the floor when it was time to kneel. There are no pews in the chapel, only benches. They are made of white pine, to match the altar; and, like the altar table, they rest on sturdy, round, white, knotty cedar legs.

One listening to the voices of the priests — or the voices of the choir — or reading his missal — or fingering the beads — could not help knowing that the place was holy, was blessed by heaven, was most dear to Mary and her Son. And one could not help thinking of the years the children of Friendship House had waited for this day. Mary's day. The day of the Immaculate Conception. The day of the Immaculate Conception Chapel. The day when God should be called down from heaven by the voice of a priest, and be in-

vited to live henceforth in Friendship House with those who so love and adore Him!

Rewards of Poverty

Years of hardship they were, of grinding poverty, of sketchy meals, of hunger, of privations, of ridicule and derision and contempt from friends and foes, of exhausting work, of thankless efforts, of disappointments, frustrations, failures, heart aches, calumnies borne solely for the love of God, of new beginnings, new encouragements, new preparations for new flights and failures.



One heart and one soul

Years of wondering if the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action would ever accomplish anything worthwhile, would ever be acknowledged as a vocation to which a boy or girl could devote a life of service.

Years of uncertainty and wretchedness and grim surroundings.

Out of all that doubt and misery, suffered patiently for the love of One Who suffered worse for us, came this glory of the Lord — this wealth of song and prayer, this richness and beauty of vestments and ceremony, this loveliness of candlelight shining on gold tapestry and gold chalice and paten and hand-made laces and linens.

Out of the poverty and privations of the early Lay Apostles came this treasure of God — ah, and also out of the sacrifices of other lay people.

Widows who sold their wedding rings and their engagement diamonds; mothers who set examples of self-denial for their children; men and women who gave up even necessities; children as generous as their elders, and as devoted to their Lord — these are the people who put the fine vestments in our chapel, the fine laces, (Continued on Page Three)

Combermere Fortunate Says Visiting Priest

The Eighth of December was such a bright, warm, and beautiful day — such an unusually gracious and radiant day — that some people in Madonna House felt Our Lady had arranged it with the Trinity to honor the feast of her Immaculate Conception, the beginning of the Marian year, and, of course, the ceremonies that would consecrate our chapel to that Immaculate Conception and retain her Son as the permanent Guest, Friend, Protector, Confidant, Aide, Overseer, and flaming Love of her slaves and her children.

Hail, Full Of Grace

Even the Rev. Fr. Eugene Cullinane, of Assumption College, Windsor, Ont., who preached the sermon at the Solemn High Mass, must have had some such happy idea in his heart and mind. For he spoke of the "woman clothed in the sun, with the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." He spoke also of the sun, without whose light and heat the world would perish; and of the love of God that made the light and heat of the sun mere figures of speech.

"Now you all know," he said, "that from the sun, we receive heat, and life, and all that grows on earth. Without the sun, there would be no life on earth, no heat. The earth would be complete desolation, and intense cold, such as we cannot even imagine. At a loss for words to express what he saw, St. John tells us that Our Lady was clothed with the sun. Imagine what it means to be in the very heart of the sun! Imagine what heat and light is there, when we still get so much heat and light after the rays have travelled miles and miles through space.

The Lord Is With Thee

"This is the beginning of the Marian Year. Last night at twelve o'clock, His Holiness declared the opening of a Holy Year in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It is going to be the most important year in history, and certainly, the most important year in the history of your soul. Each day of this year is going to be a Feast Day of Our Lady. But we have to be prepared to receive the light and heat from her.

"His Holiness has asked us to go on pilgrimages to her shrines. If we cannot go on distant pilgrimages, we can go to a church dedicated to her: If there is none, there always is, in every church, an altar of Our Lady.

"You are very privileged. You live here, inside her shrine, one of her greatest shrines!

"Our Lady Of Combermere"

One of the priests visiting Madonna House December 8, brought with him the words and music of a hymn dedicated to "Our Lady of Combermere." It was sung publicly for the first time that day. We have had 500 copies made. If you would like one, please write for it. This is the hymn.

Holy Mother of Combermere,
Softly we sing thy song so dear.

Come and hear what thy children have to say

To their Mother when they pray.

Our poor nothingness we give to thee

All we are and all we hope to be.

We are thine in holy slavery,
For all eternity.

Holy Mary of Combermere,
Softly we speak thy name so dear.

Dwell with us in the valley of your love.

Lift our hearts to the heights up above.

Take us in your loving arms we pray.

Hold us tenderly, 'til that blessed day

When your Son in heaven we shall see—

For all eternity.

Though it is generally accepted that the name Combermere is of English origin — many claim the town was named after a Lord Combermere — the priest explained it might have been derived from the French. Combe, he said, meant a valley, or plateau, surrounded by high peaks; and mere, of course, meant mother. Therefore, he added, he always thought of Combermere as being a high valley surrounded by peaks, and devoted to Mary, the Mother of God. Hence, he pointed out, Combermere was "the valley of love," surrounded by the "heights up above."

The names of the authors, the composers of the words and music, must, he said, not be revealed at this time. But he didn't mind saying both were priests.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Strange that on the feast day of the Circumcision, the first shedding of the Precious Blood of Christ, we make merry even as pagans would!

Why must we "celebrate" until we lose all semblance to human beings? What is it we are trying to forget? What is it we are running away from? The passage of years? The deeds and the thoughts they brought us?

What makes us go out of our homes into taverns and swanky restaurants, spend money on floor shows that leave us with a bitter taste and drink so greedily that, on the morrow, our heads and hearts will be heavy and dull?

What is it? Custom? If so, it is one that should be broken.

There is something almost obscene, something satanic, in that pagan merry-making in our dark days!

Half the world is naked and hungry (to mention but Korea, China, India), yet we stuff ourselves with food and drink that cost enough to feed whole villages.

And we . . . with our modern diseases of high blood pressure, and cardiac conditions . . . would be better off staying at home and eating and drinking moderately and cheaply and cozily.

A cold war! The dark cloud of atomic warfare always hanging over us! The state of living in a constant emergency! These are not helped by liquor, food, and smut. Nothing is forgotten through these things. They do not help us to run away from ourselves, nor from the forces our materialistic secular civilization has unleashed.

No. The eve of the feast of Christ's Circumcision should be spent in prayer. Prayers of sorrow for past sins. Prayers of joy and gratitude for past graces. Prayers of petition for a holier and better New Year in His service.

After having rendered God glory through prayer, one can render Him more glory through joy.

And joy can, and should be, expressed in the breaking of bread — the eating and drinking, in moderation, of the good things made by loving hands at home.

Home is the place in which to greet the New Year. Church and Home.

Singing and dancing, with the old and the young participating, are added ways of glorifying God and His mercy.

For lo behold — He has given us more time to love Him in . . . Alleluia. More time too to gather and bring Him gifts, as the Magi did of old. Gifts of love, of service, of growth in sanctity, of prayer and joy, of sorrows and pain, of a will ever more united to His.

We can also give Him the gold we did not spend on things that do not belong to His realm.

The beginning of a New Year is a good time to bank all our surplus money in His Manger . . . for He, Master of all, pays the highest dividends this side of heaven . . . WITH A MEASURE PRESSED DOWN AND OVERFLOWING. And with this gold we offer, too, the incense and the myrrh of the Wise Men.

We have begun to put CHRIST BACK INTO CHRISTMAS. Now let us begin to put our NEW YEAR BACK INTO CHRIST.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

When we came to Combermere in 1947 we had few household goods. We did have two things we prized. One was a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the other was a picture of her.

The statue was placed under the eaves of Madonna House, facing the road. As a matter of fact, it was this statue that gave point to our naming the place Madonna House. We found an antique lantern and a chain, and with this we rigged up a vigil light which hangs in front of the statue, and a little below it. We light a vigil candle there every Saturday evening, on the eve of every feast of Our Lady, and on the feast itself. We keep it lighted, also, every night in October and every night in May.

An Odd Picture

The picture, in a wooden frame with two ornate wings, hangs in a corner of our bedroom. A vigil light burns before it too, a cheery light in a thick red glass.

The statue has a mantle of blue; but the picture has nothing blue about it. The figure of the Virgin is clad in the national colors of Mexico, green, white and red. The mantle is a dusty olive green, but it has plenty of gold and silver edging on it, and here and there a gold star by way of adornment. The mantle is lined with a vivid red. The dress is white.

And yet, every now and then, a man lying here in this hospital bed that is cranked up and cranked down — yet never seems to have been cranked exactly right, according to the visiting nurse — can see the most beautiful shades of blue around Our Lady's shoulders. Blue, and not a vestige of green!

Sometimes only the white of the gown is visible. Sometimes there is a mass of gold shining all around that white gown. Sometimes the red lining of the mantle blazes in indescribable beauty. Sometimes the red does not appear at all!

Presto—Change-o

Sometimes the figure of Our Lady is tall and queenly. Sometimes it is short and slim. Sometimes her hands are held upward, joined together in prayer, the fingers pointing to her lovely chin. Sometimes they seem to be held like you see them in the Miraculous Medals, and streams of light pour out of them.

Sometimes there is a wee star on the top of the red glass — in addition to the star of the flame on the candle wick. And occasionally both stars dance in mad abandon. And now and then the tiny star is on the bottom of the glass, where it has no reason to be at all, at all. And it dances as merrily as its sisters on the wick and on the rim of the glass.

Sometimes the flame leaps up high when certain persons come into the room — certain persons who love Our Lady very much. Others can come into the room at any time without exciting the flame in the least. (Right now the flame, almost a perfect little sphere of fire, is dancing self-consciously; as though it knows it is being mentioned, and is glad.) I don't know why this is so. There is no draught in the room. But the flame doesn't seem to need a draught to begin its dances.

Sign of the Cross

One night, not long ago, that flame—without the red star above or below it — seemed to leap high up out of the glass, and to the right and the left, and then to the middle, and then to shoot down, as though going through the bottom of the glass, half-way to the floor. It seemed to be making the sign of the cross for me, over and over and over again — blessing me. It seemed to be independent of both its candle and its glass.

On another night a golden ball of fire — no bigger than one of the marbles your little boy rolls down the aisle between the desks in his school-room — rose slowly out of the glass and floated upward, as though to kiss the Lady's gracious face. When it had risen to her chin it simply vanished!

Not even the greatest writer who ever lived could tell you how beautiful that ball of fire was, how it gleamed and shone and glowed and sparkled and glistened and glittered; how thrilling it was to see; how almost shocking a sight it was!

I couldn't tell you myself! Nobody quite believes the things I tell about this picture, the things I have seen in the many days and nights I have lain here, looking at it, loving it, loving the Lady more and more with every glance.

Of course it's all tricks of the flickering light, this change of colors, this dancing of the fire — though I DO think the flame is forever trying to kiss Our Lady's pretty feet — this alteration of poses, this constant shifting of Our Lady's hands.

Ever Never The Same

Like the river outside the windows, it ever changes, never changes. It is ever, never, the same.

Often the silly notion comes to me that Our Lady is trying to amuse me, as though I were a little boy lying alone in the dark and needing his Mother's fond attention. Often the idea comes that it is not the light at all that causes all these beautiful dear unmiraculous little miracles, but my own imagination.

Yet, through all these bewildering and altogether unexplainable products of my imagination — or evidences of Our Lady's tender love — I have grown closer and closer to Our Lady of Guadalupe. It is as though she comes to me too, as she did to Juan Diego, with her glorious roses . . . although, of course, I don't feel the same elation Juan felt, seeing her at Guadalupe.

Our Lady of Thé Yukon

So I wasn't too surprised when I learned that the chapel in the Mission House in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, which will be the home of the first lay missionaries to work in the far Northwest . . . our own Staff Workers, right out of Madonna House, Combermere . . . is dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe!

Nor was I surprised to learn that the Most Reverend Bishop J. L. Coudert, had chosen December 12, as the day of days to bless the Mission House and dedicate it to our use. That day is the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe!

Our Lady of Guadalupe is (Continued on Page Three)

The B's Corner

January is the month of stock-taking and of resolutions. The latter is easily taken care of. There is only one resolution, it seems to me, that really matters. TO LEARN TO LOVE GOD DAILY MORE AND MORE, SO AS TO SERVE HIM BETTER. For it is, in truth, the "resolution" He Himself offers everyone of His followers when He says — "SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN . . . AND ALL THE REST SHALL BE ADDED TO YOU." Why don't we do just that?

If We Did—

If we did, how simple and joyous life would be! For His is a kingdom of love. It is found within ourselves. One enters it through two consecutive doors. Love of God . . . and love of neighbor. Once we love, that way, then the rest of life's puzzle will fall into place as if by magic. Suffering and sacrifice will become beautiful because they are the very essence of love. Poverty, wealth both will be placed at the service of love . . . and at long last we will be able to draw a big breath and feel free and happy, as we were meant to be.

Yes the resolution part of January's work is easy for me. But the stock-taking is harder. There is so much to take stock of, for the year 1953 certainly was the most outstanding year for me, and for FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, CANADIAN PROVINCE, generally.

First, there was the building of the chapel. Even now, looking back at its beginning, I marvel at the ways of God. In March our good Ordinary, Bishop William J. Smith of Pembroke, gave permission for its erection. On May seventeenth, the sod was broken. On December eighth, the opening of the Marian year, the Chapel in honor of our Lady's Immaculate Conception was blessed, and Her Divine Son came to dwell with us! It all seems incredible and swift. Especially considering that the building and its furnishings — all of them — were donated by friends far and near.

Of Catholic Action

The Summer School, too, demands stock taking — for it was the biggest of them all since 1949. THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE passed through the Blue Door of Madonna House for it. They came from abroad. They came from the States and from almost all the provinces of Canada, to learn from expert priests and laymen the sum and substance of Catholic Action. It seems almost miraculous that so many would travel so far. Yet is it, when one considers the hunger for God and the things of God that lives in the souls of men today?

How is one to take stock of growth? As I write, I remember May 17th, 1947, when Eddie and I, and Grace Flewwelling (one of the early pioneers of F.H.) came to open Madonna House. The six-roomed dwelling seemed immense. We sort of floated in it.

Hand pumps for water supplies. Wood for fuel. Wood covered with snow, and at times frozen solid in the great white drifts outside the kitchen. How hard (Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Like B, I look backwards now that a new year confronts me.

Friendship House in Canada has changed since that cold November fifteenth in 1950 when I arrived. It was one of those gray, cheerless days, when the trees are stripped and the ground is hard and dead-looking. Patricia Conners, who was a staff worker, and a lone male volunteer, met me at Barry's Bay. As we drove 'round the last bend in the road, Madonna House came into view along with Blessed Martin's. Also one could see St. Peter's, a one room cottage. A hen house, an ice house, and a pig pen, finished the picture of the buildings.

Staff Of Four

Upon entering the kitchen I was greeted by B, Eddie and Flewy. Flewy, a staff worker in her early sixties, had been with B since the beginning of Friendship House in Toronto some twenty years earlier. The staff then was comprised of B, the director; Eddie, who, apart from writing books, edited this paper, collected mail at the post office daily, delivered parcels and did general chores — he still is wont to state, "Everything is left to me"; and Flewy and Pat.

Flewy was circulation manager of Restoration, looked after the files, fed the chickens, pigs, dogs, and cats, and was general repairman when anything went wrong, including the gasoline-run water pump which seemed always to be breaking down. It was also her job to trim the wicks, clean the chimneys and keep the oil lamps filled. Pat Conners did dishes, helped with the daily cleaning, typed manuscripts, wrote envelopes for the monthly Outer Circle letter, and addressed copies of Restoration.

B as Director, of course, really had it easy. All she did was write several articles each month for the paper, along with the monthly Outer Circle letter and a book she was writing then, called My Russian Yesterdays. She did the nursing for the countryside and it just happened to be the year of the flu epidemic. Two or three calls a night, for a period of six weeks, is an average estimate of the night life she led.

Someone had to unpack the boxes for the clothing room, and for the Christmas party held yearly for the children. That task seemed

to fall to her lot also. Then too she had to prepare the food and do the cooking.

Four And One

Shortly after my arrival the male volunteer left to become a priest and there remained but five of us. Four on the staff, and one lone applicant. What a contrast with today!

On December sixth of that year, Louie Stoeckles arrived as a volunteer. He is still with us, but is now a senior staff worker in charge of maintenance. This spring he made a two-year promise of stability. In the spring of 1951, Pat had to leave us because of ill health and our ranks were depleted. She died a few months ago. God took her lovely soul.

Summer school that year brought what, to us, seemed huge crowds. One week we had as many as thirty-three people! Thirty-three all at one time!

On August sixth Flewy went to her heavenly rest. There remained on the staff B, Eddie, and myself. Louie was still with us as a volunteer. In September, Mamie Legris and Louie became staff worker applicants; and in October, Marite Langlois joined the group.

The Lonely Six

That fall, when B had left for Rome to attend the Lay Apostolic Congress, and Eddie had gone to Turin to gather information on Don Bosco, whose life he was writing, there were at Madonna House, counting staff workers, applicants, volunteers, and guests, six of us. Those who are still here remember so well the loneliness, fear, joy and awe we felt. We realize now we had no real idea of our vocation; but since we had a desire to serve God, Friendship House Style, we did the daily chores required, at least to keep the semblance of things going. How often we have laughed since at the very clumsy and blundering methods we used!

There are now thirteen full-fledged staff workers, two applicants, and several volunteers and guests. All told, we average twenty-five all winter.

Last summer, close to three hundred people attended our summer school; and our heaviest week brought us ninety!

Mamie Legris and one or two companions will go to the new Friendship House in Yukon Territory this year. What other changes will the new year bring?

GOD COMES TO STAY

(Continued from Page One)

the beautiful, linens, the precious altar vessels. Indeed they produced even the candles and the candle sticks, and the Mass cards, and the altar breads, and the wine — and the chapel itself.

For Our Dear Ones

One watching the round white spotless Host, uplifted in this first Solemn High Mass celebrated in our chapel, thought of all these people; and of others who had been able to give only their prayers toward the working of this miracle of Christ's coming to stay with us — nuns, seminarians, lay brothers; priests, bishops, friends of all sorts, of all races, of many nationalities, of many creeds.

One remembered many relatives and friends in this august split-second of the Elevation, and asked a blessing on them, the living and the dead, and those about to die.

Before one quite realized it, the Mass had finished, the chapel was emptied of people, and the tabernacle — our tabernacle — was the manger, and the inn, and the home, and the beautiful cathedral, where the Son of God, the Son of Mary, could welcome all who came to Him, and counsel and comfort and console them.

One remembered the beautiful voice of the deacon, the Chinese priest, in the "Ite Missa est." Strange that China should be represented here in this hallowed place on this day of days — China that had declared war on God and Mary? No. Not

strange at all. Nor was it strange that Russia was represented also, in the woman who founded Friendship House in the slums of Toronto so many years ago. Russia and China were close to God this day — a sorry day for the devil.

How Fortunate We Are!

In the silence, the holy silence, one could offer a prayer for all the Russians and Chinese who had been deprived by their rulers of even such a small chapel as this; and for all the people in those other enslaved states who could say with Mary Magdalen: "They have taken my Lord away, and I know not where to find Him."

There was a big crowd in the chapel for the dedication and the Solemn High Mass. There was a sizeable crowd in the evening, when the 14 Stations of the Cross were blessed by Fr. Georges, O.F.M., of the Ottawa Franciscans, on duty at Barry's Bay.

The crosses to be placed above each Station were blessed at the altar. "We beseech Thee, holy Lord, Almighty Father, eternal God, to bless these crosses, that they may be salutary to mankind. Let them be a strengthening of faith, a motive for good works and salvation to souls. May they be comfort, protection, and safeguard against the cruel arts of the enemy."

"O God, Who in the glorious passion of Thy Son hast taught us to gain heaven by the royal road of the Cross, mercifully grant us who devoutly associate ourselves with Him on Calvary, to reign in triumph with Him in glory."

Our Symbol, The Cross

Then, while the choir sang verses of the Stabat Mater, the Franciscan, accompanied by Father Callahan and an acolyte carrying the tray on which the crosses were arranged, began the Stations of the Cross.

In front of each picture he took a cross from the tray, kissed it, and handed it to Father Callahan. Father Callahan solemnly placed the bottom of the cross in the slot on the top of the picture and set the symbol firmly in place.

Perhaps the biggest crowd was that which attended the solemn benediction, at three o'clock in the afternoon. And seldom has any crowd so fervently repeated the words of the priest.

"Blessed be God!
Blessed be His Holy Name!
Blessed be Jesus Christ,
true God and true man!
Blessed be the name of Jesus!"

Love and Adoration

Some of the voices were unsteady. And some of the eyes one happened to look at were bright in spite of tears that should have dimmed them. And some of the faces glowed with love and adoration.

"Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart!
"Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar!"

"Blessed be the great mother of God, Mary most holy!"

"Blessed be her Holy and Immaculate Conception!"
Blessed indeed! On the Feast of the Holy and Immaculate Conception especially! In the chapel of the Holy and Immaculate Conception particularly! Now and forever!

"Blessed be her glorious Assumption!"

"Blessed be the name of

Mary, Virgin and Mother!
"Blessed be St. Joseph, her most chaste spouse!"

"Blessed be God in His angels and His saints!"

The human heart is wonderfully and stoutly made. Even the tremendous weight of joy will not, cannot, shatter it to bits. But at times one fears it's going to. At times one hopes it will. For the weight of joy can be almost unendurable, almost unbearable, almost impossible to live with. It demands not just one poor human heart for its abode, but all eternal heaven!

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

it was to bring in, and how hard to start a fire with!

Twelve oil lamps (we had no electricity) daily to clean and prepare for early winter darkness. And everything to begin from scratch. A new paper, RESTORATION. A new Catholic Lending Library, consisting at the time of some 80 books lost on the many book-shelves. The Community to get acquainted with. Orchard, gardens, and flower beds to plant. Chickens and pigs to keep and lighten a slender budget.

People And Buildings

In 1953 . . . the Staff Workers are many: Dorothy Phillips, Louis Stoeckles, Mamie Legris, Marite Langlois, James Murphy, Teresa Fazackerly, Cathy Maynard, Shirley DeWitt, Mary Davis, Georgia Brown, Kathleen O'Herin, Frances Pasqua, Francoise De Castro . . . and Mary Ruth, Dick Parker, and Trudi Cortens are staying with us to find out if they too have the needed grace of vocation to become Staff Workers.

Grace Flewelling died (R.I.P.) and rests in Combermere cemetery near the Sacred Heart Church. Many came to take her place — and many more are coming.

Buildings multiplied themselves almost as fast as the Staff. Madonna House mothers now St. Catherine of Siena's log cabin, specially reserved for convalescent and resting priests — with the blessing on that work of our bishop — St. Veronica's cabin, used for lay-folks in need of the same services; Bl. Martin's cottage, which houses a garage and Eddie's writing den; St. Martha's House for women Staff Workers, our offices, the Clothing Center, and the repair shop; St. Peter's, which takes in the overflow of women from St. Martha's; St. Joseph's, which rests in the winter but is filled to every inch of all its fifteen rooms during the Summer School; and the new wing of Madonna House, that is twice as big as its mother and encompasses the Chapel on the second floor, a dining-assembly room on the first floor, and a roomy basement, named St. Goupil's, where much work is done — and where the young men sleep.

Restoration numbers over 2500 subscriptions. The Catholic Lending Library, adult and youth sections, has close to six thousand books.

Speaking Of Growth

How does one take stock of growth?

And what of Maryhouse — as we named for short the INDIAN MISSION HOUSE OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE IN WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY? That will be, in April, our second Canadian foundation. I

accepted it officially on November 17th, 1953, feast of Gregory the wonder worker. Growth again. And further growth lies on my desk in the form of letters from Ordinaries in Canada — four of them asking for foundations.

And how does one take stock of one's growth in the Community? Of the constantly increasing services we are able to render to it? Of the love that grows in our hearts for all who live in it? Of the sense of "belonging" to it, that now is part and parcel of us?

Frankly, I don't think I shall even begin to take such stock. I will leave all that to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. She knows how to do that; for, after all, she is the real Director of Madonna House!

All I can do is to spend the rest of my life thanking Her for the privilege of being her proxy in the foundation of this humble Lay Apostolate of Friendship House, and its growth.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

the patron of the Indians. She is also the patron of all the Americas.

And it really does not matter whether she wears a mantle of dusty olive green or of shimmering blue, or of dazzling gold.

Whatever her title, whatever her garb, my heart dances before her constantly, like the vigil light in our bedroom, hoping someday to be granted the privilege of kissing her little feet.

MY ROSES

By Mary Ruth

Oh, when the world shall show again its green
And Thou shalt dot the meadow with the hue
Of brightly colored flowers here and there;
And springtime skies are showing clearest blue—
Will still my soul be wrapt within this night
Which fell when Autumn came?

Or shall I hear Thy voice surpassing sweet
Say to my soul: "Shake off this weight of night;
Arise beloved, for the turtle's voice
Is heard throughout the land; come to the light;
To love's surrender. Come unto My Heart.
And find therein thy springtime of delight."

But whether springtime brings my Lover's call,
Or still my spirit knows the winter's chill—
I'll pluck my Roses — my Beloved's Wounds—
And seek their depths their perfume to distill
Then at this Fount I'll draw the strength to be
A living "Fiat" to His Holy Will!



Sixth Station

By Catherine

The cloth
Was cool
Against
His face,
Burnt with
Pain,
Where
Blood
Mingled
With dust—
Both kissed
To fiery
Dryness
By the
Noonday sun.

The cloth
Was soft
Against
His
Blotted,
Swollen,
Disfigured
Face.

But cooler
Than
Any linen
Cloth,
And softer
Than
An angel's
Wing,
Was love—
That
Wiped His
Tortured Face
That day.

Courageous,
Flaming
Love,
That spurned
The angry
Crowd,
The taunts,
The unseemly
Jokes . . .

A love
That sprang
From the
Father,
The Holy Ghost
And the Son.

The love
Of Veronica,
Who came
From nowhere,
And returned
There . . .
Leaving
To all
Of us
A linen
Cloth
With
The imprint
OF HIS HOLY
FACE!

Looking Into Mirrors

By

Rev. Jas. O'Loughlin

"We see now through a glass . . ."

On a Ninth Avenue "EL" Station a prim young New Yorker did not insert a cent into the slot machine for Suchard's Bittra but gazed into the mirror to apply mandarin gold to nose and chin. While observing our young New Yorker I flew in fancy back to Rome of nineteen hundred years ago and

saw "Fabiola reclining on her couch, holding in her hand a silver mirror."

This Cookie No Looker

A comely matron passing by snatched me away from Fabiola and a passage of Papini which says, "Da quando si sono inventati gli specchi le donne son piu belle." She too would bow before a Suchard sign, I thought. I lost. The lady went right by. Perhaps she was the Lady of whom Matthew Prior wrote,

"Venus take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was,

What from this day I shall be,

Venus, let me never see."

Later on that day I saw other people looking into mirrors. The taxi driver did not see himself but the road he was running away from. The fellow in the barber shop could not see himself in the mirror for the brushing and the combing that was being done upon his hair. And mademoiselle in a Madison Avenue shop admitted to herself in the mirror with her flares from hips and tight waist that she was pretty and smooth and downright luxurious.

The whole world looks into mirrors. In the sacristy of a small suburban church, a priest adjusts his amice and stole with the help of the mirror hanging above the vesting table.

God Started It

It seems to me that God Himself began it all. What was creation but His gazing into nothingness and having His reflection cast back? Ever since, man has been trying to see himself. There is Eve standing over a Mesopotamian pool arranging her tresses. From pool to pond the Hebrews went to brass; Praxiteles polished silver; and the Romans natural glass. It needed fourteenth century Venice with her golden palaces mirrored in her green lagoons to perfect the mirror.

Yes, God began it and God continues it. Creation continues. God is still gazing, and His gaze is being reflected. Even the enigma, the obscurity of matter, mirrors the transcendent incomprehensibility of God, says E. I. Watkin. And Peter Wust tells us "each soul reflects and represents a unique aspect of the Infinite Spirit of God, which thus, for its complete human reflection and representation requires the entire society of human souls from the first to the latest born."

We are all needed then, for Karl Adam says even Christ's disciples "were unable in their small mirrors to receive all the rays of light which went forth from His Divine Person." The Divine Face is mirrored in all creatures, from God's own Mother whom we invoke as the "Mirror of Justice," down to the depths of partial being. The whole universe is an

immense mirror. Each one of us, each part of the universe, reflects the Exemplar from a different angle.

Like Shining Shadows

Man, the favored creature, has a double role. He is not only the mirror, but the image in the mirror. He was made to the image of God. That is why Chesterton writes that, "The mind is like a mirror . . . It is truly a thing of reflection" . . . In it alone all the other shapes can be seen like shining shadows in a vision . . . The mind is the only thing of its kind."

"St. Francis is the mirror of Christ rather as the moon is the mirror of the sun. The moon is much smaller than the sun, but it is also much nearer to us; and being less vivid it is more visible. Exactly in the same sense St. Francis is nearer to us, and being a mere man like ourselves is in that sense more imaginable."

It is too little then to look only into mirrors. We ought to look at ourselves in the mirror. In the mirror we come face to face with ourselves. In the mirror we can look into our own eyes. We can see into our soul. Stevenson has a definition in "Markheim," "the glass—this damned reminder of years, and follies—this hand conscience." Too many of us are like the man St. James knew. "He beheld himself, and went his way, and presently forgot what manner of man he was."

Tribute to Mary, From St. Teresa Of Avila

During this Marian year the editors of Restoration intend to publish, every month, provided there is space enough, some tribute given Mary by the great saints. This month we have chosen the following passage from the "Complete Works of St. Teresa," as translated and edited by Allison Peers, and published by Sheed and Ward. It is from Chapter XXIII of her "Book of the Foundations," and relates to the visit of "Fray Juan de Jesus," to a Carmelite convent at Pastrana.

Fray Juan, she says, at this time, had applied to the Jesuits and been accepted by them; but, "for some reason," had been told to wait a few days.

"When requested to go to Pastrana with the Prioress of the convent of our order there," St. Teresa writes, "to arrange about the reception of a nun, he had no idea whatever of taking our habit."

"What means His Divine Majesty can employ! If he had determined to go and take the habit direct from Alcala, he might well have found so many people opposing this course that he would

never have taken it at all. But the Virgin, Our Lady, to whom he is extremely devoted, was anxious to reward him by bestowing her habit on him, and so I think she became the intermediary by which God granted him this favor."

"It was through this glorious Virgin that he took the habit and became so devoted to the Order. She would not allow one so anxious to serve her to be without the means of carrying his desire into effect, for it is her custom to help those who desire her for their Protectress . . . She must have persuaded her Son to bestow on him the purity in which he has always lived."

"Oh, the secrets of God! How continually He is preparing us to receive favors when we ourselves have no desire for them, and how He was rewarding this man for the good works which he had done, for the good example he had always set, and for his great desire to serve His glorious mother! His Majesty will always recompense this desire with great rewards."

Looks at Books

FRUITS OF CONTEMPLATION, BY REV. VICTORINO OSENDE, OP., B. HERDER BOOK CO., 338 Pages, \$4.75.

Seldom has a book on so difficult a subject been so clearly written; so simply presented that it can be understood by rank beginners in the spiritual life, yet be read with profit by those of vaster experience. Father Victorino Osende is a Spanish Dominican and quite evidently he has made his own the old Dominican motto: "To give others the fruits of contemplation." He does this ardently and magnificently.

It is a timely book because slowly our secularized materialistic world realizes the hunger of its own soul, which has become so restless that it threatens to make an immense mental asylum of the whole world. Father Victorino in simple everyday language reminds us that our souls will never find the rest they are so desperately seeking unless they REST IN GOD. And by gently leading us up the paths of the prayer of silence and contemplation he brings us to God.

There is nothing difficult about contemplation. Nothing special either. It is not some sort of prayer life reserved only for the chosen few—as alas most Catholics imagine it to be. No. It is the prayer of love. Of simplicity. And it should be everybody's prayer. In this lies the beauty of the book. In this too lies its vital need. The ardent Dominican shows us the way, marking every sign post clearly. Nor is he afraid

of the much misused and misunderstood word MYSTICAL. He puts it in its proper place, and allays the fears of many by his masterly exposition of it.

We need books like this. It is the hope of this reviewer that many will read it.

O Well-Beloved Of God!

This is the prayer for Mary's Year, composed by the Holy Father. His Holiness read it at the special ceremonies on December 8 in the Basilica of St. Mary Major.

Enraptured by the splendor of your heavenly beauty, and impelled by the anxieties of the world, we cast ourselves into your arms, O Immaculate Mother of Jesus and our Mother, Mary, confident of finding in your most loving heart appeasement of our ardent desires, and a safe harbor from the tempests which beset us on every side.

Though degraded by our faults and overwhelmed by infinite misery, we admire and praise the peerless richness of sublime gifts with which God has filled you, above every other mere creature, from the first moment of your Conception until the day on which, after your Assumption into Heaven, He crowned you Queen of the Universe.

O crystal Fountain of faith, bathe our minds with the eternal truths! O fragrant Lily of all holiness, captivate our hearts with your heavenly perfume! O Conqueress of evil and death, inspire in us a deep horror of sin which makes the soul detestable to God and a slave of Hell!

O well-beloved of God, hear the ardent cry which rises up from every heart in this year dedicated to you. Bend tenderly over our aching wounds. Convert the wicked, dry the tears of the afflicted and oppressed, comfort the poor and humble, quench hatreds, sweeten harshness, safeguard the flower of purity in youth, protect the holy Church, make all men feel the attraction of Christian goodness. In your name, resounding harmoniously in heaven, may they recognize that they are brothers, and that the nations are members of one family, upon which may there shine forth the sun of a universal and sincere peace.

Receive, O Most Sweet Mother, our humble supplications, and above all obtain for us that, one day, happy with you, we may repeat before your throne that hymn which today is sung on earth around your altars: You are all beautiful, O Mary! You are the glory, you are the joy, you are the honor of our people! Amen.

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